

The Texas Cleaver.

Volume 2.

Abilene, Texas, March, 1903.

Number 3.

Too Much Law.

An Incomprehensible, Multifarious, Multiloquent
Mess that Defies Interpretation and Sur-
passes all Bounds of Utility.

This thing called statutory law is incomprehensible in immensity as well as intent, multifarious in character, multiloquent in its verbage and mysterious in construction. These big words are harmless and may be used with impunity and pronounced to suit the taste.

Did you ever stop to think that the voluminousness of the state and Federal statutes is simply inconceivable? If not here are a few figures at which you might gaze for a minute:

The statutory laws of Texas, beginning with the legislature of 1879 and including the session of 1895, cover 1560 pages. To this volume add 750 pages of laws as passed by regular sessions of 1897-99-01, and 300 pages of laws as passed by the three special sessions since 1895 and you have a total statutory rebus of 2610 pages. How many men, judges, lawyers or legislators can quote the exact verbage of one of these 2510 pages?

As to interpreting the meaning or intent of these laws the various appellate courts have been engaged in that pleasant and profitable passtime for a few years with the result that a well regulated law library now contains 160 volumes of Texas reports, embodying a total of 120,000 pages. Now, for the purposes of hearing causes, overruling motions, sustaining objections, general demurrers, etc., there are 64 civil and criminal district courts in the state, and for the purpose of showing the lower court wherein he erred, etc., defining the acts and intentions of some prehistoric legislature and interpreting the constitution there are 21 appellate and supreme judges.

The United States statutes up-to-date, eliminating all partial acts and embodying only the living, active laws as they apply alike to all parts of the country, contain 4348 pages. There are 288 volumes of reports of decisions as rendered by the various federal courts and these volumes contain 178,500 pages. In other words here in peaceful, law abiding Texas, with its rich, alluvial soil, opportunities for investments, inducements for immigration, etc., the people are living under the protecting wing of the following statutory situation:

State Statutes, 1 vol	2,610 pages
State Reports, 160 vols	120 000 pages
U. S. Statutes, 3 vols	4,248 pages
U. S. Reports, 238 vols	178,500 pages

Total, 412 vols 305,358 pages

And yet the man of average intelligence on matters in general, couldn't go before a court and define the difference between a corpus delicti and a vocal discord, or a femme sole and a load of wood.

The above tabulation, it must be remembered, includes only the statutory laws and reports of decisions ren-

dered thereon, and applies only to the Texas statutes and the federal laws as they apply alike to every state in the Union. There are 43 other states with their respective statutory specifications, to say nothing of the law encyclopedæ, rules of practice, procedure and so on. Or, as my old friend, Captain Patteson, once stated, "laws about descent and distribution, limitations, torts, sparrows, elephants, varmints, lease laws, dogs, irrigation, injunctions, imbecility, suffrage femme cavorts—federal, state and municipal, piled up and wedged in until the devil couldn't understand nor execute a thousandth part of them."

"Ignorance of the law excuses no man," yet the most learned lawyers and the judges of last resort conflict in their interpretation of the law. Now, why not be easy on a poor devil who doesn't know a congressional record from a Greek almanac, and who may inadvertently transgress a few dozen of our ten million, or more, statutory commandments.

Laws are necessary to the existence of society and for the protection of life, but laws may accumulate to such an extent that one virtually nullifies another. So long as people regard a law as a protection it is a moral benefit and will be respected and enforced, but when people come to regard a law as an oppression or a farce, that law then becomes an agent of demoralization, for whether it be shunned, ignored, or obeyed under protest the wholesomeness of loyalty is lacking, a disrespect and studied evasion of all law is engendered and practiced, demoralization being the consequence and anarchy the legitimate result.

A law once on the statute books is seldom repealed, be it good or bad. It is a bad idea to amend a poor law, a poor idea to tamper with a good law and a blamed shame to keep on grinding out great libraries of statutory nonsense. Better repeal the bad laws, leave the good ones alone and shut down the legislative lawsuit factories for awhile.

With congress, legislatures and city councils making grandstand plays and other mistakes, annually turning out laws by the thousands, whereas the yield already exceeds the demand in the ratio of 1,000 to 1, in a few years more and each state in the Union will have to set apart at least half its territory in order to build a library



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THE LEADING DRUGGIST,
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Biggest Stock of Pure Drugs and Proprietary Medicines in Western Texas.



THE TEXAS CLEAVER.

DON H. BIGGERS, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year,	\$1 00
Six Months,	50
Three Months,	25

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big enough to hold its own statutes.

A good constitution and a few good laws are better for exemplary results than the accumulated statutory non-entities of a hundred jackass legislatures, each member of which with his tenpenny nail suspender buttons and a view to future great political achievements, does the Don Quixote act to the Sancho Panza public by introducing an effort entitled an act to regulate a thought.

There is entirely too much law and too little justice, and the continued creation of laws further complicates the matter both ways. Fewer sessions of congress and the various state legislatures would be death to several hundred thousand political aspirations, but even that would be a benefit to the country, and it is the only possible solution.

♦ ♦

EXPLANATION.

This issue of the Cleaver contains but six pages whereas it should have contained more than twice that number, and this is due to the fact that Mr. Biggers was taken sick before all the copy for this issue had been turned in, and is still unable to complete the work of preparing it. The two principal articles for this number were therefore unavoidably omitted. These were, "Colleges as a National Curse," and "The Inconsistency of Reformers.(?)" These articles will appear in the next issue.

♦ ♦

The Aspermont Star announces that Mr. Jim Coker, who works on Mr. Berry Pursley's ranch in Kent county, was recently married to Miss Nutt in Corsicana. I suppose Coker, while continuing to work with Pursley, will engage in Cokernutt raising for himself.

♦ ♦

Any newspaper man who uses innuendoes as a means of combatting an antagonist or an individual, public or private, is more contemptible than a skunk and more cowardly than a coyote.

THE TEXAS CLEAVER.

A Horseless Stage Episode.

A real bad man
Was Rattle Snake Dan,
From Vinegaron, Arizona.

To kill and to shoot
Was Daniel's long suit,
So the public allowed him his own way.

Being seized with a rage
To go rob a stage
He mounted his cayuse, or pony.

And quickly did ride
To the highway and hide
At a place that was bushy and stony,

And there lay in wait,
So the newspapers state,
The arrival of the stage from Torona.

When the contrapshun he spied
To the "driver" Dan cried:
"Throw up your hands there, Maloney "

And then with a whoop
The bad man did swoop
Upon this new stage coach so tony.

But they found him next day,
Just eight miles away,
All butchered up like a bologna.

And the coroner said
That Daniel was dead
As a result of his attempted fel-ony.

And that automobile
Now has a clear field
Between Vinegaron and Torona.



Deacon Punkin's Blunder.

Deacon Punkin scanned his paper and there
he saw the ad
Of a "get rich" proposition that didn't seem
so bad.
'Twas betting on the races, but who would
ever know
That he'd indulged in gambling—he'd just
try the game a go.

So he sent the "firm" spondulix in the sum
of five and twenty,
Expecting this investment to make him
rich a-plenty.
For many days he waited, but his waiting
was in vain,
And at last an idea struck him that made
the matter plain.

Then to himself he muttered: "Well, I'm
a fine old fool,
For I ain't got no more gumption than a
half demented mule;
But these here city sharpers are mighty aw-
ful slick,
And I see it's them, instead of me, that'll
git rich purty quick."



There is certainly a great deal in
the tick theory, and since a mere sug-
gestion of the subject throws Hecter-
ror McEach-in into spasms they must
be fatal, not only to cattle, but to jack-
asses also.

A certain prominent western cow-
man, lease law advocate and land
grabber, says the editor of the Cleaver
ought to be sent to the asylum. Well,
that's a mild punishment compared
with that which should be inflicted
upon the majority of lease law ad-
vocates. They ought to be sent to a cer-
tain place where there are neither
asylums nor ice factories, though the
climate is extremely warm.

THE J. I. CASE

Line of

Implements.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The J. I. Case Implements are
as good as money and ingenuity
can produce. The highest aim
of the Case people has been to
produce the

HIGHEST QUALITY
OF IMPLEMENTS,

Regardless of cost of production.

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The J. I. Case Triumph Sulky Plow

Has been sold for 13 years, and
there are over 100,000 in use.
The leading plow of its kind on
the market.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Get J. I. Case Implements, and
you will have the kind that are
built by a Company whose motto
is: "Not How Cheap, but How
Good."

WRITE FOR CASE CATALOG.

Ed. S. Hughes & Co.

ABILENE, TEXAS.

Distributers for Western
Texas.

Pa now has Troubles of His Own.

The editor of the Borden Citizen is now the proud father of his first born and announces the fact to the world in the following tone of voice:

We attended a frolic last Friday night and since then our better half has commanded us to sleep with one eye open and hold ourself in readiness to hop out of bed at any time of night to get the paregoric, castor oil, etc., etc., ad infinitum. In other words, a young lady made her appearance at our home, and the worst of it is she came into the world in the same condition as a piece of plains scenery, and it's very doubtful if she will ever be much better off, as she will probably remain with us for the next sixteen or seventeen years. After that date we will do our darndest to work her off on some bow-legged, bandy-shanked, gotch-eyed son-of-a-gun who lays claim to the name of "man" by virtue of his being trained to walk on the forked end.

The anxious (?) public is assured that we don't propose to tell any more lies about their "fine," "sweet," "pretty," "cute" and "glorious" offspring, as we honestly believe our girl is equal to the average, yet she looks like a purebred Chinaman, has a temper like aqua fortis and a voice like a cat fight.

Now is the
Time to Buy

Cheap Lands

IN THE WEST.

If you want a HOME in the Colorado Country Write to me at once. Remember land has ADVANCED OVER 100 PER CENT, and is still going up.

No Trouble to answer questions,
Personally or by Correspondence.

G. B. HARNESS,

Colorado, Texas.

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LINIMENT.****CURES ANYTHING THAT
OTHER LINIMENTS WILL
CURE.****YOUR MONEY BACK
IF YOU WANT IT.****Sold by Druggists and Country Stores.****A Wise Man**

shows his superiority over the man who is not wise, by what he says and what he leaves unsaid.

Uneeda Biscuit show their superiority over common soda crackers in a paper bag, by what is in them and what is not.

The baker puts all kinds of goodness in **Uneeda Biscuit**—the In-er-seal Package, with red and white seal, keeps all kinds of badness out of

Uneeda Biscuit 5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

American Resources' Troubles.

I am a big bunch of American resources, and don't you forget it. Just at this particular instant I have one eye bundled up in a chunk of bovine bile absorber, both arms in a sling, one leg considerably elongated and the other one broken in six places, several fractured ribs and one lung caved in. That's what a big bully by the name of Trust did to me while I was taking a little slumber. I am pretty badly under the weather right now and the general public is very apprehensive of the outcome and indignant about the infliction of my injuries, but it ain't the injuries but the doctoring that I'm scared of. While they are threatening Mr. Trust with all kinds of dire calamities and summary vengeance for bungin' and batterin' me up like he did, they're fixin' to dope me with a lot of preparations and decorate my carcass with a variety of plasters that'll fix my Elgin movement time indicator plenty.

The doctors can't agree. Each has a certain cure treatment and an instantaneous relief remedy, and every one seems to be in the majority. One guy proposes to make a bill board out of my jaw and decorate it with anti-trust legislation. Another one insists on bed quiltin' my stomach with a big application of trust poultices; another wants to swat my Trilbies with a hot rock of free trade and another swears that the only chance to save me is to ensconce my head in a sack of high protection ice. But the free trade doctors can't agree. One insists that I shall take only a mild astringent in the form of a sugar coated Louisiana protection bill; another one wants to pull the wool over my optics with a decoction of import duty on sheep hair and Mexican cattle; South Carolina wants to give me a little protection for her own benefit and a Turkish bath of tariff reduction for the public good, and the rest of the free trade doctors want to give me a local preventative of their own compounding.

Unless I can get my feet from under the cover and my hands untied I guess they'll compromise on an experiment including everything listed in the pharmacopœia of political materia medica; but if I can get loose for about a minute I'll show you something in the way of a muscle exhibition that will be a good imitation of a pile driver colliding with a carpet tack.

If you'll turn me loose, give me plenty of elbow room and no backheelin' interference, you can bring on your wolves of commerce, lions of finance, trust gaint gladiators and foreign competition dragons and I'll fix up an emulsion of bones, blood, hide, intestines, flesh and eyeballs that will

make fine fertilizer for future prosperity. Nothing so helps my rheumatism, tones up my system, heals my cuts, bruises and abrasions, knits my broken bones or gives elasticity to my muscles as a free-for-all-fight. I am still the champion heavy weight commercial pugilist of the world, but you will have to fire these political quacks that are doping me with all kinds of poisonous tonics, and send for a doctor that knows something, or turn me loose to defend myself. Otherwise prepare for me a tombstone like this:

HERE LIES
AMERICAN RESOURCES.
Crippled by Trusts,
Maltreated by Friends,
Doped by Political Quacks,
Died of Slow Poisoning and
GONE TO ABSORPTION.

Mournful Demonstrations or Expect-
orating on the Inscription forbidden
by an Edict of the Cemetary Asso-
ciation. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, Pres.

Booker Washington's Cabinet.

How would this do for an official directory of the next national administration?

President:—Bucknigger T. Washington, of Alabama.

Vice-President:—Any Colored He-coon, of Arkansas.

Secretary of State:—Darky Crum, of South Carolina.

Secretary of the Treasury:—Rastus Snowball Johnsing, of Texas.

Secretary of War:—Peter Jackson, the nigger pugilist.

Secretary of the Navy:—H. M. (familiarily known as Helluva Minister) Turner, of Georgia.

Attorney General:—Mulatto Assistant District Attorney Smith, of Boston, Massachussetts.

Postmaster General:—Mrs. Minnie Cox, of Indianola, Mississippi.

Secretary of Agriculture, Hen-roosts and Melon Patches:—Hoecake Jones, of Missouri.

Secretary of the Interior:—No coon available; office abolished.

In recognition of his faithful services in bringing about the millennium of nigger politics, it is fair to presume that President Washington will appoint Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Africa, where he will be enabled to hunt wild beasts and hobnob with niggers to his heart's content.

It is understood that the Frisco system has been bought by the Rock Island. No railroad was ever controlled by a finer lot of men than the officials of the Frisco; and this is especially true of Mr. Nourse, the assistant general passenger agent. A more unassuming, affable gentleman could not be found.

♦ ♦

The next issue of the Cleaver will contain two of the strongest articles that it has ever contained. Don't fail to read them.

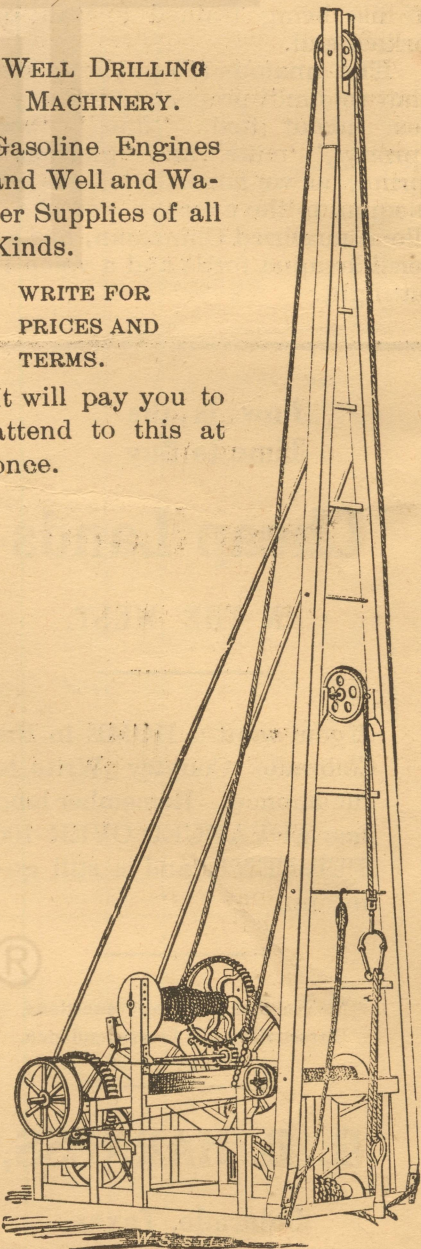
Jodie Hewitt, Abilene, Texas,

WELL DRILLING MACHINERY.

Gasoline Engines
and Well and Wa-
ter Supplies of all
Kinds.

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PRICES AND
TERMS.

It will pay you to
attend to this at
once.



As to Child Labor.

A Proposition that the State Curtails Appropriations for Louisiana Purchase Exhibitions and Other Shows, and Use the Money for Building and Operating Its Own Factories in Connection with Training Schools.

The question of child labor, especially in factories, is one that demands consideration from a practical as well as a humanitarian standpoint. Sentimentalism in this, as well as all other matters in which material results are to accrue, being of no purpose may be most effective if eliminated.

Child labor, as used in the sweatshops in cities and most factories, is nothing more nor less than criminal. It is simply a process of crushing, by degrees, the life of helpless innocents to the profit vats of merciless employers, and, as a matter of human sympathy, and as a protest against the cruelest and most cowardly crime known, this should be stopped; but it is here that the sentimentalist overleaps the bounds of reason. He looks into the dimly lighted sweatshops, reeking with the germ breeding odors of filth and stagnant with its poisoned air into a veritable dungeon, where miserable slaves eke out an accursed existence—and calls for the torch of destruction instead of the balm of relief. He goes through the great factories, hears the incessant, monotonous whirr of wheels, and the roar of machinery, and sees mere babies, mentally dead and physically wrecked, tortured through a brief, pitiable career, sacrificed to the merciless greed of heartless factory owners, and his tenderness of soul down his discretion, and he goes entirely beyond the bounds of reason in demanding reforms. His sympathy is commendable, but his proposed remedies are too drastic and irrational.

The positive forbidding of child labor in factories is far better than child labor in the same institutions, but the medium between the two extremes is the proper degree of remedy.

Wholesome employment, together with proper remuneration, is good for every child; but that employment must be of the character of bondage, with a pittance for pay and ten or twelve hours ceaseless, brain racking, wrecking toil as a day's work. The little fellow must have enough work to make him enjoy his hours of play and enough play to make him healthy and tone up his mind and body to the proper appreciation of his duties and the reception of instruction. Industry, honor, and practical knowledge should be the object of all education, and any schooling or system of training that does not embody

all of these elements is a fraud.

But the asbestos-conscience-burdened advocate of unconditional child labor chimes in with the information that factory operators will not employ child labor under requirements that reduce the hours of labor to such an extent as to make it unprofitable; and that to give the child reasonable hours for recreation and study would do this; and that it is better for the child to be employed, even at hard labor, than to be idle, as most children employed in factories are too poor to attend school, and would therefore simply go to swell the horde of ragged, half starved, street urchins who run wild and ungoverned in the cities and larger towns, breeding mischief, and growing up in ignorance and becoming criminals as a result of their condition and the manner of their raising.

It is the duty of the state to take care of these unfortunate children and commercial slavery is a blamed poor provision for them. They are to become a part of, if not a predominant factor in the future of this government, and public welfare demands that they be properly trained to discharge the duties to devolve upon them, and for that purpose 'tis better to be an untutored cannibal with naught of this world's goods, save a sunshine wardrobe and a palm leaf Sunday suit, than a physical wreck and mental degenerate as a consequence of slave child labor.

As an experiment, with a view to practically solving this problem, it would be a good idea for the various

states to use the money now being appropriated by hundred thousands at a whack to assist in Louisiana Purchase celebrations, etc., to establishing training schools and maintaining factories in connection therewith, as a means of which the children could be given employment on such basis as to enable them to receive a proper amount of schooling and at the same time be self sustaining by reason of their employment. I don't know that there is any particular reason for celebrating the fact that Mr. T. Jefferson manipulated a real estate transaction with Mr. Napoleon several dozen years ago, at a time when there was no particular demand for western real estate, and at a time when Mr. Napoleon B. Part wanted money a heap sight worse than he did Missouri scenery, Arkansas frog ponds and Louisiana alligator incubators, and I think it would be better to use the same money in such manner that a few years hence we would be able to point to a material benefit as conferred upon the poor classes than to use it now for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that T. Jefferson wallupped Mr. Napoleon in a trade, and pointing to the fact that we are a wonderfully progressive nation as evidenced by an exhibition of aggregated monopoly products.



It is hard to decide which is the most disgusting, Teddy's nigger policy or some of the "poetry" that is being turned out on the subject.

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Will be extended to all. We are in a position to handle all desirable accounts, and will appreciate your business.

Kings and Editors.

While an Editor has the Best Job and the Most Privileges any King Desiring to Exchange Situations can Strike a Bargain.

It has long been a question with me whether it is better to be a king or a country editor. The editor of this paper has never been a king, but he is in direct line of royal succession, being an heir apparent to a throne—thrown down stairs, for instance.

What the writer here says about kings is mostly hearsay and he will not hold himself responsible for any minor inaccuracies that may be made in this connection. I knew a fellow who once had four kings and a queen, but another fellow had four queens and a king. As a result of this royal conflict there was a brief controversy concerning dominion over a jackpot, charges of irregularity, external complications and the report of a pistol. One of the parties went to the penitentiary for life, but it has always been a spiritual conjecture as to where the other one did go, as he was last heard of piloting a funeral procession in the direction of the graveyard.

A king gets into office by the death of a near relative or some other revolution or change of administration. An editor generally gets into his office by giving a mortgage on his outfit.

A king has more authority than an editor. When a king needs money he raises taxes and gets it; but when an editor needs money he raises a rumpus with his delinquent subscribers and gets a large number of protested papers and profane postal cards from all parts of the country.

When a king is born there is great rejoicing and when he dies there is much sorrow throughout the land. When an editor is born his identity is kept a profound secret for a number of years, and when he dies—well, this action on his part doesn't produce any spontaneous outburst of international grief.

The income of a well-to-do king is from \$300,000 to \$10,000,000 per annum, but an editor's income isn't so large.

But when it comes to personal privileges and promiscuous liberty one country editor has a bigger dominion than the combined possessions of a regiment of kings.

Editors can have wars galore and the populace can look on in perfect safety and with much amusement, but when a pair of kings get to slinging mud at each other the populace have to skedaddle or get conscripted.

An editor may abuse anybody from a ward politician to a foreign potentate and then go whither so he chooseth and get back two hours later without

a scratch, but when a king gets into a controversy he has to have a large corps of diplomatic experts to do his editorial work, and though, to avoid giving offense in any degree, they use the most chaste and refined language, until the matter is finally settled the king dare not take a morning stroll in his own parlor without a body guard.

Very few kings have good health. Very few editors have anything else.

A king sits down to a sumptuous repast, eats but little, has the gout, and sends for the family physician every few minutes. An editor will sit down to a wholesomely prepared, heterogeneous aggregation of country produce and eat the representative value of six yearly subscriptions and four dollars' worth of complimentary notices and still feel too hungry to pick his teeth.

An editor can walk around town and no one will dare to throw a dynamite bomb at him through fear of cracking a plank on the sidewalk or tearing up a hitching post; but there are thousands of people in this world who would blow up a whole town to massacre a king, consequently a king seldom gets to bum around town in broad open daylight, shake hands with the country people, argue politics learn the local news.

When an editor's paper goes busted he generally goes to some other town and starts up again. When a king's kingdom goes busted, the king has to go live with his wife's pa, and he has no more show to get another job as king than a boll weevil has of becoming a Berkshire hog worth 7c per pound gross f. o. b. ten miles from town.

It is, therefore, evidently much more pleasant to be an editor than a king, but if any respectable king with a good moral character wants to exchange his kingdom for a job as editor I know where he can strike a bar-

gain. Photographs exchanged, if desired and all correspondence treated as strictly confidential.

BEST PASSENGER SERVICE IN TEXAS.

4-IMPORTANT GATEWAYS-4



NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.

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the least
to our best line
for a point*

E. P. TURNER,
GEN'L PASS'R AND TICKET AGENT,
DALLAS, TEXAS.



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DALLAS, TEXAS.

**AND
RECEIVE FULL INFORMATION REGARDING ANY
CONTEMPLATED JOURNEY.
THE "KATY FLYER"**